

Reverend
THE
SAINTS

Congratulatory

ADDRESS:

Right Hon. the O R, *vol. 23.*

Th—s B—dbury's

SPEECH

In the Name of all the

Prot—nt Diss—rs,

TO THE

B—p of B—r's JESUIT;

With that R—d Father's ANSWER.

In Hudibrastick Verse. John Cooper

Humbly Dedicated to the Right Worship-
ful Sir Rich—d St—le, Knt.

L O N D O N

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CHICAGO, ILL.



Right Worshipful,

MR. B---dury being justly esteem'd, by all competent Judges, a very fortunate Man, at finding out uncommon *Precedents*, (and making use of them in as *uncommon* a Manner) it cannot much Surprize you to be told, That the following *Speech* owes it's Birth and Original to your *Address to his Holiness*; and therefore, it having the Honour of so near a Relation to your Worship, he cannot hope to find any other

A 2 Person,

The Dedication.

Person, of your Quality and Merit, (as well as *Good Nature* and *Good Sense*) so likely to Patronize the same, and Defend it from the injudicious Censures of those wholesale Criticks, that always judge by appearances, to whom therefore *extraordinary Things* (which he *affects* to do, as well as your Worship, in hopes by *Irregularity to draw Attention*) may
“ seem Odd, and Romantick; tho’ in
“ Reality, neither Odd, nor Romantick,
“ any otherwise, than as all Justice,
“ and Simplicity, and Plain-dealing,
“ are esteem’d to be so, in a degenerate and corrupted Age.”

He could here tell your Worship (as he told a Rt. Honourable Lord) that “ tho’ he ought to make
“ a thousand Apologies for prefixing your Name to any Work of
“ his, yet the Occasion and Subject
“ of the following — are agreeable to all the Honour of your
“ Cha-

The Dedication.

“ Character ;” and also make use of several other Arguments, to prevail with your Worship, to grant him your Protection ; but he thinks it needless to a Gentleman of *Moderation* (as well as *Revolution*) *Principles*, as he is assured you are, especially from your late Declaration, That “ the *Great Shock* of all that “ you ever received, was from the “ *Proceedings* about the late *Schism* “ *ACT*.”

He presumes, your Worship means by that Expression, the *greatest* of those accidental Shocks, which settled your *Understanding* into the Order you then felt it, after it had been roused by your *Benevolence* to your *Fellow-Creatures*, to whom it is, and has been, always *Warm* and *Inflexible* ; which he thinks may wipe of that Scandal, thrown upon you, by some base Perverters of your Sense, who maliciously Insinuate,
That

The Dedication.

That you had a sensual Meaning, when treating of an intellectual Subject. But, as those Carnal Men, full of gross and corporeal Idea's, could not find out any *Thing*, that hath those two Qualities, but what is *obscene*, so they conclude, that your Worship's Thoughts were according to their wicked Imaginations; when they were imploy'd in Contemplating the Spiritual Nature of his Godly Dissenting Brethren, in whom, all that know 'em will allow, those two seeming Contraries, *Warmth* and *Inflexibility* are reconcil'd and united.

This is the Sum of what Mr. *B---dbury* has to offer to you on his behalf. I come next to speak for the Jesuit, whose share in the following Sheets he likewise recommends to your Worship's Protection; to which he thinks he has such an undoubted Right, and that you are under so many Obligations to him, that

The Dedication.

that, in order to obtain it, there need be no more said, than to remind you of some few, of the many Services he has done for you; one of which, you cannot but grant, is the *Translating* of your *Solemn Epistle* to the Pope, out of your Heretical *English*, into his most Christian *French*; whereby he has fitted that for his Holiness's Perusal, which, before was more a *Protestant unknown Tongue*, to him, than the *Cathedral Pronunciation* of Prayers are to you, or any of your Friends.

His Marginal Notes, and other Additions, and Explanations, have put it also in a much fairer way of bringing the great Advantages, you promis'd thereby, to his Holiness and his Church.

But what he chiefly depends upon, to engage your Worship's Favour, is the great Complement he has given you, in acquainting the Popish Brethren,

The Dedication.

Brethren, That the said Epistle came from the Finest Pen in *England*, and at the same time heightening those *modest* Characters, you had before bestow'd on the Clergy: By which you see, he practices your *Golden Rule of Proportion*, in your own way.

For the present, without any farther Ceremony or Apology, your two Friends kiss your Worship's Hands, in a Gentleman-like manner; and are

Yours, &c.

E R R A T A.

PAGE 2. Line 9. for *o's* read *his*. p. 5. l. 11. read *with*
p. 7. l. 1. 19. for *me* read *mine*.



THE
S A N T S
Congratulatory
ADDRESS, &c.



When CHURCH was prov'd no Pow'r
To *Absolve, Punish, Damn* or *Save*;
That PRIEST and SEXTON are
And only differ in the *Name*; (the same,
That CONSCIENCE is the surest Guide,
Which cannot *Err*, or lead *Afide*:
For, if a MAN be but *Sincere*
In *right* or *wrong*, the Point is clear;
Since *that* is prov'd the only Court,
In which he need to answer for't,

B

He

He cannot be condemn'd ; for why ?
 'Twas *Inward Light* he acted by,
 Which I presume in Holy Sense,
 Is much the same thing, call'd *Conscience*,
 Which can't in Justice, damn the Fact,
 Its Dictates prompted Man to Act.

When B——p was so very Civil,
 To cheat the PRIEST, as well as *Devil*,
 For since each *Man* may be ~~his~~ own CHURCH,
 And leave his MOTHER in the Lurch ;
 We need no *Tythes* and *Off'rings* pay,
 Having found to Heav'n a cheaper Way,
 Than a proud *Priesthood* to maintain,
 Who in the stead of Christ wou'd reign,
 And *Pow'r usurp*, o'er injur'd Laymen,
 Those DUPES, the *Clergy* make their Game on.
 Those *Doctrines* and their *Consequences*,
 Were to High-Church-Men such Offences,
 Did much rejoyce *Dissenting Zealots*,
 To find, that one amongst the P——s
 Had so great Love for *Conventicle*,
 That rather, than not for it stickle,
 He us'd his utmost Skill to murder
 The *Christian Faith*, and his own *Order*.

When thus the Rev——d B——p B——r
 Had much provok'd the *Levites* Anger ;

Then

Then 'twas, the Learned Jesuit,
 In his Defence, profoundly writ :
 For which the *Saints* did send of late,
 Their Envoy to congratulate
 His *Victory*, o'er *Sn-pe* Obtain'd,
 That most do hold, the *Doctor* gain'd.
 But we shall leave, the tough Discourse
 Of who had better, who had worse,
 To those, who o'er their Coffee prate,
 Of what does pass in *Church* and *State* ;
 And turn our *Metre* to express
 The Substance of that shrew'd *Address*,
 Deliver'd by the *Wright*, who glories
 In *Libel*, call'd *The Primitive Tories*.
 Some Authors hold, this Learned *Speech*,
 In Words of Sense or Sound so rich,
 Was made in private before-hand,
 And plac'd in Hat, (as some, who stand
 Or kneel to pray, do use the same)
 But sure those Authors are to blame :
 For he that does in Pulpit Storm
 'Gainst those, in Publick pray by Form,
 Or Preach by Notes, wou'd scorn the Aid,
 With which he others does upbraid ;
 And therefore 'tis, that most Agree,
 He spoke the same *extempore*.

Hail! Learned Sir, but if you'd rather,
 Most Pious, Cath'lick, *Holy Father!*
 To you from Godly *Saints* I'm sent,
 Their grateful *Tribute* to present;
 And give you Joy of your Success,
 O'er *Spirit'al Sons* of Wickedness.
 But first, as great *Embass'dors* use,
 Must beg you'll pardon, and excuse
 My want of *Eloquence*, and *Art*,
 To A& the *Rhetoricians* Part,
 And *Enboy* of *Saints* Common-weal;
 But hope t'atone for't, by my Zeal
 T' your *Service*, and the *Good old Cause*;
 Which now does flourish spite of *Laws*,
 Made in a late unholy *Reign*
 Of *Staff*, and *Mitre*, o'er a *Q——n*.
 But we acknowledge this is owing
 To you, and chiefly of your doing;
 Who has his *L——ps* Heart inspir'd
 With such a Zeal, as is requir'd,
 In carr'ing on the blessed work,
 To pull down *C——h*, and set up *H——k*.

To you, he owes those subtle *Shifts*
 Of *Sense*, he uses at dead *lifts*,
 And all those *Topical Evasions*,
 That serve on difficult *Occasions*;

When

When sorely gall'd by cruel Foes,
 That in his Honour make huge Flaws,
 And wound his *Conscience*, I'm affraid,
 By Words repeated, he has said;
 When half perswaded to confess
 Such Truths, I care not to express,
 Because they seem much to Reflect
 On th' only ~~P~~—*te*, *Saints* respect.

But then, to your immortal Praise,
 You did our Champion's Courage raise,
 And with ^{your} inward healing Balms,
 Cur'd fainting Fits, and holy Qualms:
 By Cath'lick Med'cines, well apply'd,
 Sav'd his Dear Life, who else had dy'd,
 And left the precious Work undone,
 He's so successfully begun.
 That now we've Hopes, 'twill answer better,
 To the great End, than *Bur—t's* Letter,
 Tho' writ with true Prophetick Spirit,
 From Rev——d *Sire* he did inherit,
 Who deeply skill'd in Conjurat[i]on,
 Had oft bewitch'd both Church and Nation:
 But let that pass, since that *Saint's* gone
 To th' Banks of *Styx*, or *Acheron*.
 Whilst I the Pow'r of Magick prove,
 As great in Politicks, as Love.

If Cunning Man, or Matron Sage,
 A Lady tells, that Groom or Page
 Must be her Lord, enjoy her Bed,
 Her Person, and her Fortune wed;
 It sets her Passions in a Riot,
 Like am'rous Philters, and high Diet;
 And taught by Us, Decrees of Fate
 Weak Mortals do *Predestinate*,
 T' fulfil the same, tho' to their Ruin,
 Is *prompt*, to Act her own Undoing.
 Just so; the happy Influence,
 When the great Work hung in suspense,
 Inspir'd the *Patriots* for the *Cause*,
 T' Impeach their Native Country's Foes.
 Which Repres—s o'th' Nation,
 At first did shew by a Purgation
 O'th' House, and turn'd those M——s out,
 Of whose Affection, they made doubt,
 To th' Pious and Saint-like Design
 'Gainst Carnal Men, far worse than Swine:
 For if you'd ring a Boar with Gold,
 For which his Country has been Sold;
 He'd gen'rously refuse the same,
 And with his Tusshes, strive to maim
 Those Hands the tempting Metal offers,
 Which those vile *Traytors* hoard in Coffers,
 And to increase their hateful Sin,
 Engross to 'emselves, and sordid Kin

The

The *Saints* and *Soldiers* only Right;
 The *one's*, as Plunder gain'd by Fight;
 The *other's*, by imploring Aid
 From Heav'n, to those the Campaigns made;
 By which, they were impow'r'd to beat
 The *French*, and their proud Troops defeat;
 Who else had ne'er been humbl'd so,
 And their high Stomachs brought so low,
 To sue to *Knaves* for Sep'rate Peace,
 And beg Hostilities might cease
 'Twixt them and us; when heretofore
 They brag'd to land on *British* Shore
 The *Perkinite* Pretended Thing,
 And by their Pow'r make him our King:
 Which plainly shews, their Grand *Monarch*,
 And *Maintenon* were in the Dark,
 Or else at Blind-Man's-Buff they plaid,
 When such vain Schemes were by 'em laid:
 For who, but those ^{are} blind or crazy,
 Could think true *British* Obstinacy,
 By downright Force could e'er be wrought on?
 A Project Mad! as e'er was thought on,
 That lost the Hearts of many Friends,
 And disappointed their own Ends;
 As by Experience they found true,
 And th' *Wand'ring Knight* has cause to rue;
 Not only, from the dire Miscarriage
 Of that once offer'd glorious Marriage

With

With *Soldier's* Daughter, which had been
 The surest *Way* to bring him in:
 Or, that intended *French* Invasion,
 The Loss of one *Ship* did occasion,
 Which bore the Rev'rend *Sal'sb'ry's* Name
 Of *Pious* *Pen'm'ry* and loud Fame;
 Which he took for unlucky Omen,
 That *Saint* and *Party* were gone from him;
 And therefore back with speed to *France*,
 He did o'er foaming *Billows* dance:
 But, when he might with greater Reason
 Expect Success from *Scottish* Treason;
 Tho' 's late Appearance in the *North*
 Might cool *Saints* Courage, and so forth:
 Yet then it was th' abhor'd Remembrance,
 Of Force once offer'd, was the Hind'rance,
 And greatest Cause th' *Establis'd K——k*
 Were not more hearty in the Work.
 For grant, that *Saints* have longing Mind,
 And to a Thing are much inclin'd,
 Whilst they enjoy their own free Voice
 To take, or leave it, at their Choice;
 Yet when there seems the least Compulsion,
 It soon does cause a strange Convulsion
 In Body Politick, or State
 Of *Saints*, and turns their Love to Hate.

But

But unto one of your *Society*,
 As fam'd for *Politicks* as *Piety*,
 Enough is said here to evince,
 The ill Success of that fond *P*—
 To those false Steps was wholly owing,
 And *Saints* not guilty of his Ruin,
 As we do make C—h W—g believe,
 Whom 'tis our Int'rest to deceive;
 And to our Cause is great Concern,
 That they may not our Love discern
 To him, the Cause, and your Fraternity,
 But remain blind unto Eternity.
 For whilst we can preserve Respect
 From them, what may we not expect?
 They're useful Tools in our Design,
 The C—h and S—te to undermine;
 And when we cry out *Persecution*,
 Do second us with Resolution;
 Repeating what they've learnt from us,
 By saying to the *Tories* thus:
 " Did you not see the Lord was wroth
 With you, for hind'ring *Schism's* Growth,
 And will not you your own Eyes trust?
 That saw your Q—n by Judgment just,
 The very Day your *Aff* took place,
 Die in great Misery and Disgrace;

“ Which shew’d, the Cries of Suff’ring *Saints*;
 “ Their *Pray’rs* with Tears and just Complaints
 “ Were heard by Heav’n in their Distress,
 “ ’Gainst *A——a*, cruel as *Q——n Bess*,
 “ By which, to them th’ ungrateful Nation
 “ Does owe the happy *Preservation*
 “ Of Laws, Religions, Estates, Lives,
 “ Liberties, Properties and Wives:
 “ For if she’d liv’d but one Day more;
 “ We’d all been Slaves to th’ *Scarlet Whore*.
 “ Then sure we’ve Reason to Respect
 “ Those, our *Deliv’rance* did effect
 “ By *Pray’rs*, not like our *Common Forms*,
 “ Which Carnal Man’s Affection warms;
 “ And makes the same tow’rds Heaven move
 “ With too great Fervency of Love:
 “ But such as don’t at all affect
 “ The Hearts of *Saints* in that Respect;
 “ For *they’re* the Men, know how to pray
 “ The undisturb’d *B——goian* Way:
 “ And tho’ they look ’s if inward Light
 “ Had turn’d their Eye-balls all to white,
 “ And *Cant* in sanctifying Tones,
 “ With holy mortifying Groans:
 “ Yet are within as *Calm* and Free
 “ From Zeal, as *B——go’s* self can be.

And when we do most loudly bawl
 ‘Gainst Bill to prevent *Occas’nal*

Conformity unto their Church,
 They ne'er do leave us in the Lurch;
 Or else against the Common Pest
 O'th' Godly, call'd *Religious Test*,
 And * Bully th' Senate to repeal't,
 That *Saints* may ride the *Commonwealt*:
 " They'll say, 'tis pity *Babes of Grace*
 " *Religion* should keep out of *Place*;
 " Or that a Man for his *Opinion*
 " Should lose his *Right* unto *Dominion*;
 " And be thereby reduc'd to starve,
 " That might *Himself* and *Country* serve,
 " Now at a time, when common Foes,
 " Of *Protestants* most *Righteous Cause*,
 " Do joyn their *Forces*, and their *Spite*,
 " For to suppress the *Gospel Light*.
 " Have not the *Savage Goths* made *Peace*
 " VVith *Muscovites*, their *Strength* t' increase?
 " And are not *Spain* and *Sic'ly* joyn'd?
 " By whom some *Project* is design'd
 " T'advance the holy *Catholick Cause*:
 " And *Pope*, and *Turk*, who now seem *Foes*,
 " Will soon be reconcil'd, no doubt,
 " To joyn their *Forces* in the *Route*
 " Of 'Troops from all those diff'rent *Nations*,
 " Religions divers, and *Perfwasions*,

* *The Prim. Torics*, p. 34.

" Who've laid aside their mutual Hate,
 " Thus to Attack our *Godly State*;
 " And think to get Eternal Fame,
 " By blotting out the *Protestant Name*.
 " And shall not Protestants *Unite*
 " Now to defend each others Right?
 " And strengthen by a happy *Union*
 " Of diff'rent Sects in one *Communion*,
 " (Who now divided by their Schisms,
 " Own diff'rent *Lords, Faiths and Baptisms*,)
 " The Headless Kingdom of the *Saints*
 " 'Gainst *Mohometans and Miscreants*;
 " And Reinforce our Holy *Babel*
 " Against th' Attacks of Heathen Rabble:
 " That we their Fury may oppose
 " With Forces, not *unlike* our Foes.
 " And thus, 'tis evident and clear,
 " (Tho' High-Church-Tories rave and swear)
 " Th' *Establish'd Church*—th' *Advantage* reaps
 " By taking in promiscuous *Heaps*
 " Of *Sectarists* of all Religions,
 " That do inhabit *British Regions*;
 " Whether it be by th' quaint *Invention*,
 " That goes by th' Name of *Comprehension*,
 " Or other *ingenious Device*
 " Of those, who *Learned* are and *Wise*,
 " It matters not, how 'tis obtain'd,
 " So that the *Benefit* be gain'd;

" VVhe

- " Whether from *Rome* or *Geneva* 't came,
 " So in the End th' Event's the same
 " To gain to our Ch——h's Interest,
 " All those against the *P O P E* protest;
 " And tho' they differ in small matters,
 " Are all (*sincerely*) *T O R T-haters*;
 " From *whom* our greatest Dangers rise,
 " If we can credit our own Eyes.
 " Was it not *them*, that whilom fee'd,
 " To eat us up, the hungry *Suede*?
 " And did not then, the *Northern Bear*
 " Make *Coyent-Garden* quake for fear
 " Their Herbs and Roots should be destroy'd,
 " As told by Rev——d L——y L——d? *
 " And *when* this Project, dark as Night,
 " Shall be unravell'd in the Light;
 " They'll prove the Chief in the Alliance,
 " Or may we never have Affiance.
 " And shall we then the Aid despise
 " Of our *Friends* and their *Enemies*?
 " No, Let us now in firm Compact,
 " As one *United Body* Act,
 " Compos'd of Members independent,
 " Where none is over other Ascendant;
 " But each does what himself thinks meet,
 " And Head has no Command o'er Feet:

* In a Sermon Preach'd at St. Paul's *Coyent Garden*.

" For, to Church-Politicks he's a Stranger,
 " That thinks, in time of Common Danger,
 " To keep up those human Distinctions
 " Of Carnal Men in holy Functions :
 " When to distinguish and divide
 " Is but to weaken our own Side,
 " By driving scrup'lous Friends away,
 " That think it *sinful to obey*;
 " And being grown a num'rous Party,
 " If we can keep 'em firm and hearty,
 " We need not fear our *Tory* Foes,
 " Nor those that have espous'd their Cause.
 " But *now* to Preach up Church Authority
 " To *them*, as to a Miser Charity,
 " Declares the Preacher's want of Sense,
 " Who gives the *Brethren* such Offence,
 " To talk of *Rites*, and such like Foppery,
 " Is rightly styl'd *Protestant Popery*.

Thus speak the *Wh—s*, our dearest Friends,
 By whom we hope to gain our Ends;
 And you may find by what they say,
 The Difficult Game we have to play,
 On your real Enemies to impose,
 The same time we advance your Cause;
 But we, as *St. Paul* has defin'd,
 Carry about with ev'ry Wind;

Toss to and fro those Children weak;
 Take all for Gospel which we speak;
 Whom we with Craftiness deceive,
 And what ~~we~~ please make *them* believe:
 As Cunning Gamesters Cog a Die,
 And make the same run low or high;
 Yet by their *Sleight*, deceive the Sight,
 And blind the Cull, they aim to bite.

I hope these Reasons may excuse
 Those *Epithets* some Brethren use,
 When speaking of a P——h Prince,
 Which otherwise, might give Offence:
 But since it is not Disrespect
 Does make the *Saints* on him *Reflect*,
 But for the Service of his *Cause*,
 That we pretend to be his Foes;
 We hope his M——y will pardon,
 And not his hearty *Friends* think hard on:
 Tho' we've a Mental Reservation,
 I should conceal on this Occasion,
 But that 'twould seem to you ungrateful,
 (A Vice in *Saints* extremely hateful;)
 Therefore, lest you my Words mistake,
 And think we love that P——e for sake
 Of his Her——ary R——t;
 (Or that his *Father* did, in spite

OF

Of all our Enemies, set free
 The *Saints* from *Bonds*, whose *Liberty*
 Of *CONSCIENCE* was, by Proclamation,
 Set forth by *Priests*, quite thro' the Nation;
 And *Tory-Bishops* that refus'd,
 According to their *Kind* were us'd:
 For which we paid him with *Careffes*,
 Of *Lives* and *Fortunes*, in *Addresses*;
 Made him believe we would stand by him,
 But *Grace* had after to deny him.)
 I shall declare, from whence our Love
 With Ardor to his Cause does move.
 We've hopes if he should gain the C——n,
 He'd pull the Ch——h of E——d down,
 Let us her Doors and Gates unhinge,
 To satisfy our just *Revenge*,
 And drench her *Altars* with the *Blood*
 Of *Priests* and *Pr-lates*, who withstood
 Our *Entrance* into her *Communion*,
 That we might gain, by way of *Union*,
 T' our selves the *Glory* of her *Ruin*,
 VWhich, grant we thus, to him were owing,
 Think not we would *submit* to *Monarchy*,
 And then forsake our Love to *Anarchy*,
 VVhen we should have the fairest *Game*
 To play, to introduce the same.
 For what could th' *Reign* of *Saints* oppose,
 If we'd subdu'd our greatest Foes,

And

And stubborn *Eccles'* astick State
 Were faln a Victim to our Hate?
 For when the *Mitre* is put down,
 There's nothing can support the *Crown*;
 To prove this Argument of Weight,
 Look back to glorious *Forty Eight*;
 And there behold! how *Decollation*
 Succeeds the *Church's* Reformation;
 As if the Sisters in one String
 Had twisted Fates of *Church* and *King*.
 This shews they're *Fools*, that have thought since
 Those hate the *Church*, can love their *Prince*;
 And makes us laugh, to be thought Loyal
 By those; if we'd sit time for Trial,
 Wou'd find us boasted *H——ns*;
 As honest true-blue *Oliverians*,
 As those, who by so many Fights,
 Against their Lord, and Sov'reign's Rights,
 Did with a Pious Resolution,
 New-model *British Constitution*
 According to *Republick* Notion,
 Infus'd in *Saints* at their Devotion:
 That *Kingdom* chang'd to *Commonwealth*
 Affords best Air for their Souls Health,
 And are not *We* as Pow'rful Preachers?
 As Godly edifying Teachers?
 And Men as Zealous for th' *Old Cause*,
 As Ministers were in those days?

D

And

And o'er our Flocks without dispute
 Are ev'ry Way as **Absolute**?
 Then why may not the same Effects
 Our Labours crown, in all Respects?
 Nay, we may hope to advance further
 Than those *Saints* did in Blood and Murther;
 Since we have gain'd so great Assistance,
 To teach the Doctrine of *Resistance*,
 And, to increase the *Tories* Spite,
 Our Sov——n L——ds the *People's Right*,
 The Seat of Judicature to mount,
 To call their K—— unto Account;
 That when found guilty of *H——b T——n*,
 Subjects his forfeit C——n may feize on
 To place't on whom *they* shall think meet,
 Or break't in pieces under Feet.
 For, since *they* are the *Spring* and *Source*,
 Whence *flows* all Government of course,
 It is but Justice *they* should chuse,
 What sort of *Channel* they will use,
 To compass their *intended* Ring,
 And then return into the *Spring*.
 Thus have we brought the *Mob* t' our *Side*,
 By gratifying of their *Pride*;
 Placing in them *coercive* Pow'r,
 Which they will never part with more;
 But *when* their K—— shall break their *Laws*,
Exert the same, and *Him Depose*.

Those

Those *Doctrines* also have Precedence,
 To slavish Tenets of *Obedience*,
 Mongst some of greater Figure far,
 Than *those*, whom we last mention'd, are.
 For they, who preach up *Passive* Notions,
 Are now debarr'd *Spiritual Promotions*,
 In that same C——h, which heretofore
 Preferr'd her *Sons* upon *that* Score :
 So that *She* copies from *Us* now
 Those *Doctrines*, we first learn'd from *you*,
 As we are not asham'd to own,
 Our *Gifted Brethren* all have done,
 And will not fail, on fit Occasion,
 To render back the Obligation
 To Learn'd *Society of Jesus*,
 That in *our* Labours thus do ease *us* :
 For *when* our Brains, by tedious Study,
 Are much *confus'd*, and grown so muddy,
 That we cannot compose a *Sermon*,
 There wou'd come either good or harm on,
 We take down *Venerable Father*,
 From Shelf or Desk, no matter whether ;
 And from the Learned *CASUIST*
 Do borrow *Notions*, which we twist,
 And interweave, so with *our own*,
 That *unperceiv'd* they're swallow'd down :
 And *thus* well-cook'd, a *Romish* Sallad
 Pleases our *Brethren's* squeamish Palate.

But *some* there are this *Art* despise,
 And scorn to act under *Disguise*,
 Speak *faithfully* in your own Words,
 As you may find, by your Records,
 My Fellow-Labourer, *Sam. Wight*
 Has boldly *done* in face of Light;
 Who your *Memorial* did extract,
 And *Publsh* it, as Matter o' Fact,
 In *Title-page* unto the Nation,
 That *POPISH COUNSELS* bring *SALVATION*,
 And *POPISH PRINCE* the Joy of Britain.
 The Luckiest thing, that e'er was hit on,
 To prove the Truth of what I've said
 Before to you upon that Head.
 But since there's some misunderstood
 That Point, and thought it not made good,
 As *Titles* always should of course,
 By Arguments of Weight and Force;
 In Friendship to my Brother *W-*,
 I'll set that Matter in true Light.

Tho' *Britain* be a *Word* or *Sound*,
 That's under various Meanings found,
 As well as *Church*; yet all Men grant,
 That when it comes from Mouth of *Saint*,
 It does denote *Dissenters* then,
 Exclusive of all other Men.
 And therefore 'twas *our Joy* he meant,
 About the Time you did present

Your

Your fam'd *Memorial* to that *K—g*,
 Both *you* and *we* did hope, wou'd bring
 Destruction to the *C—h Establish'd*,
 For which our *Brethren* long time have wish'd;
 And ne'er were backward in Design,
 Or did refuse *her* Foes to joyn;
 As *your* Learn'd *Fathers* were assur'd,
 Who for that End, to us procur'd
 That Prince's Favour and Indulgence,
 Which made him shine with bright Refulgence,
 And th' Godly joyn, with one Consent,
 In holy Phrase to Complement,
 Of Incense talk, and Sacrifice,
 And's Reign extol above the Skies.
 The Truth of these things to evince,
 Search out *Addresses* to that Prince,
 Where you will find, our *Moderation*
 Exceeded Bounds, on that Occasion.
 And since the *Saints* were joyful then,
 You'll surely grant, the like again
 Wou'd make them glad now, as before,
 Under a *Popish Prince* once more.
 This shews, it was a groundless Fear
 In those, who thought *S A M* not sincere,
 And did with Grief themselves afflict,
 Because he seem'd to Contradict
 The same, in subsequent *Discourse*,
 Which was not done of *Choice*, but *Force*;

Your

As

As prov'd by Reasons *before* given,
 And *plain*, as Six and One make Seven.
Besides, 'twould be exceeding hard,
 To think, he had so small regard
 For *Gospel-preaching-Ordinance*,
 Which, above *Pray'r*, we *Saints* advance;
 T'*expose* the same by Ridicule,
 And publish't for a *standing* Rule,
 To Judge the *Works* of *Brethren* by,
 Where *Meaning* giveth *Words* the Lye.
 The Wicked may think thus, indeed,
 But *Saints* should take far better heed,
 Than entertain a Thought, so Sinister,
 Of their own Pious, Gifted, *Minister*.
 Thus, having free'd him from all *Blame*
 I next shall celebrate the Fame,
 He has acquir'd, by a * *Citation*,
 So *Apt* to our *present* Occasion.
 For since we've now small cause t'*expect*,
 A *Popish* Prince our Work t'*effect*,
 What is more *proper*, than to cite
 Our *Popish* Fathers, to Affright
 The Friends of the *Establishment*,
 With *their* Pretence t'*Encouragement*,
 To set up *Popery* here again,
 From those *material* Parts remain,

And yet on Foot, in Prot'stant Land
 As Principal Monuments stand ;
 Their Bishopricks, Cathedral-Churches,
 (They might as well have added Porches,)
 Dean, Canon, and Arch-deaconries,
 With sev'ral other Benefices :

Besides, their Colleges are all,
 And Universities still whole ;

So that there wanteth, but new Form,
 With Life and Spirit them to warm.

This, thus Extracted from your Fathers,—
 Advantages therefrom he gathers,
 To let Bigotted Church-men see,
 How near they are to Popery.

Whilst they, those Things from us retain
 We oft have struggled for in vain,

To have them to our Use Apply'd
 By which they might be Sanctify'd :

For th' Godly Act with such Discretion,
 That if we had but once Possession,

We'd Alter them ; so far at least,
 To take away the Mark o'th' Beast ;

That none should know, they'd Portion been
 Of what belong'd to th' Span of Sin.

Having thus made so large a Comment
 On what you'll think of little Moment

To

To me, because th' *Work of another*;
 Altho' a *Precious, Gifted Brother*,
 It does behove me much, to say
 Something on what, was the *same Day*,
 Held forth by me 'mongst cred'ulous Rabble
 I might affirm *Unanswerable*:
 (As *MAN* with *Controversial Head*
 Of his own *Arguments* has said;
 And troth, the Jest was smart and witty,
 If he did mean, by th' *same Committee*,
 Of Pr——his, so insolent and vain,
 He knows they'll scarcely fit again.)
 But I am *Modest*, and forbear
 To use such vulgar *Boasting here*,
 Well knowing it is needless, when
 I speak to one of those *Brethren*,
 Who the *best Judges* are of *Teaching*,
 As may be seen from their own *Preaching*,
 Where *Holy Faith* is sold for *Rins*,
 As whilom has been done in *China*,
 And therefore I shall not *Pretend*,
 To hide my *Secrets* from my *Friend*;
 But unto you shall now confess,
 (What you indeed your self might guess)
 That I was at no little Pains,
 In racking *TEXTS*, as well as *Brains*,

To find out Words to gain th' Assents
 Of my three famous *Precedents*,
 To personate the *bated Tories*,
 Of *whom* they'd heard such *dreadful Stories*,
 In th' *other World*, from *Saints* departed,
 That at the very *NAME* they started,
 And beg'd I wou'd not so abuse 'em,
 Or in such vile *Disguises* use 'em,
Who, were they put upon the *Tenters*,
 Must own themselves to be *Dissenters*:
 And therefore, if th' Word *Primitiv*
 To *that* prefixed were, 'twou'd give
 A *TITLE*, far more Correspondent
 To their Desires, who seem'd so fond on'e,
 And (to *speak truth*) with so much Reason,
 That if it had not been *H—b T—n*
 Against the *Saints*, I'd surely done it,
 And could have said fine things upon it.

As *First*, *CAIN*'s Sin was * *Nonconformity*,
 Which made him *think*: a great *Enormity*,
 His Brother *Abel*, to *Conform*,
 And *Worship* by *prescribed Form*;
 As if that *Heaven* took delight
 In such an † *Usage*, or a *Rite*;
 According † which it must be done,
 Or had as good be let alone.

* *The Primitive Tories*, pag. 10. lin. 38.

† *P. 18. L. 21.*

Then Cain was wroth, and's Countenance fell,
 To find his Brother † *far'd so well,*
 For keeping close to * *divine Orders;*
 Wherefore he that * *Conformist* murders.
 Hence *Precedent of Persecution*
 Comes from obeying *Institution;*
 Which shews, that ** *in a lineal Way*
 It springs from that curs'd Word OBEY;
 And therefore't may be truly said,
 † *First human Blood was ever shed,*
 († *By what is set on Fire of Hell*)
 †† *In Honour to Conformity fell.*

The next is *Balaam's* mad Adventure,
 Which proves him likewise a *Dissenter.*
 For, earlier Right to Name of *Quaker,*
 Who had, then that inspir'd Wise-acre,
 Whose *prophetick Madnes* jumps so right
 With what *those Friends* do call *Pew-Light?*
 Unless it were the *Speaking Ass,*
 That unto him a *Teacher* was.

And *Lastly, CORE,* I might Aver
 He was a *Rebel* *Presbyter,*
 Who did Oppose both *Prince* and *Prelate,*
 As *MOSES* does his Story relate:

† Page 20. l. 32. * p. 11. l. 8. . p. 20. l. 34. ** p. 20. l. 35. † p. 19. l. 38. †† p. 21. l. 28. †† p. 20. l. 1.

** Therefore

** Therefore his Glorious *Precedent*,
 Of * *Priestcraft*, was not with Intent,
 † To confer *Dignity* on *Lameness*,
 ‡ But on our Darling Doctrine *Sameness*.

Here th' *Gifted Orator* made a Pause,
 But, whether 'twas to twang his Nose,
 And fit it to a proper Tone,
 To Cant and Snuffle further on,
 Or that he really stop'd indeed,
 Resolv'd no further to proceed,
 We cannot say ; 'cause *Modern Saint*
 When *Carnal* hour-glass he does want,
 His *inward Light* 's loth to discover,
 The time to give a Harangue over.
 However, th' *Holy Father* pent
 With Thoughts, that labour'd for a Vent,
 Most gladly the Advantage took,
 To ease his Breast, and thus he Spoke :

Grave Sir, quoth he, by your *Address*
 In *Name* of *Saints*, I must confess,
 I'm *Honour'd* much, and therefore crave,
 You will Vouchsafe your humble Slave
 The *Favour* of the self same *Way*,
 His Debt of Gratitude to pay ;

** Compare *Numbers* Chap. 16. v. 3. with *Baxter's* Paraphrase
 on the latter part of Mr. *Bradbury's* Text.

The *Primitive Tories*, * p. 38. l. 23. † p. 18. l. 33. ‡ *Numb.*
 Chap. 16. v. 10.

And so, in our *Society's* Name,
 I do return you *Thanks* for th' same.
 For, as when *Envoys* are neglected,
 Disgrace on Princes is reflected;
 So *Honour* done to *Holy Mission*,
 Redounds to *them* gave the *Commission*;
 And I presume, 'twill not much vary,
 If *Mission's* chang'd to *Missionary*,
 To make the Case in hand more plain,
 How th' *Holy Brotherhood* do gain
 Much *Credit*, from all those *Caresses*,
 I have receiv'd in late *Addresses*;
Who 're therefore under *Obligation*,
 To all the *Godly* in this *Nation*.
 But now, to let you fairly see
 Who th' *Godly* are, I do agree
 With you, that none are truly such,
 But those, *Dissent* from 'Stablis'd Church,
 Except some few, are call'd *Socinians*,
 And some *Socinianiz'd Arminians*;
 Who by their *Doctrines* make a Rent
 Within the Church, yet don't *Dissent*,
 Continue still within her Pale,
 To gain more *Credit*, when they rail
 Against her *Discipline*, and *Worship*,
 And do expose her little *Whoreship*:
Those therefore do more harm, no doubt,
Within, than you can do *without*.

Besides,

Besides, my *Conduct* they approve,
 My Person and *Positions* Love,
 Which in the *main* they do *Support*,
 And thereby gain a good *Report*:
 For tho' with you, they understand,
 Whose work I'm doing underhand,
 When I do play th' *Incendiary*,
 As becomes *Romish Emissary*;
 Yet they *Assist* me in the same,
 And all, that write against me, blame,
 As Men, whose *Zeal* for Church Authority
 Is without mixture of true *Charity*;
 Brand those, by whom I'm not respected,
 With Name of Persons *disaffected*
 Unto the present Government,
 Which serves for *Cloak*, when *CAUSE* is meant.
 For they know well, that never yet
 Was *Monarchy* Lov'd, by *Jesuit*,
 Since 'tis the *Glory* of our *Order*,
 To free Mankind by *Royal Murder*,
 From Pow'r of *Civil Magistrate*;
 For supreme *Temp'ral* Power we hate:
 Because the *POPE's* *Supremacy*
 And that together can't agree.
 Tho' now, that *Doctrine*, as you'll guess,
 I need not urge, nor yet *profess*;
 Because I have a *Dispensation*
 From's *Holiness*, on this *Occasion*.

To

To *Act*, as in my own Discretion
 I judge most proper in this Mission :
 Whilst I to *Herese* seem a *Convert*,
 And do pretend from *France* to've run for't.
 Thus, when my *Publick Recantation*
 I could not shun, by an *Evasion* ;
 But found my self on all sides prest,
 To stop their Clamour for that *Test*,
 Which if I longer should decline,
 It would Unhinge my whole *Design*;
 I did not scruple to renounce
 My *Church*, and *Brotherhood* at once.
 But then, lest *you*, and all those *Saints*,
 Your Sacred Person *represents*,
 (Who thought it Breach of Hospitality,
 To make me use that vain *Formality*)
 Should be deceiv'd amongst the rest,
 And not discern, it was a *Jest*,
 His *L—dship* did, by way of *Preface*,
 So plain and clear illustrate the *Case*,
 That Gifted *Brethren*, who pains take,
 Cannot be lead into *Mistake* ;
 To falsly think, that now I'm more
 An *Heretick* than I was *before*.

Unto so *Solemn* an *Address*,
 As *yours*, Learn'd Sir, I must confess,

A *prolix Answer* would seem rude;
 Therefore in *Brief* I shall conclude;
 And wave what more I have to say,
 Until we meet another *Day*,
 To joyn in *holy Conference*,
 On grand *Affair* of Consequence,
 I mean the *coming Sacrifice*,
 For *which* I put on this *Disguise*;
 As thought by all the *Brotherhood*,
 The *only Person* could make good
 To you, what our *Society* stands
 Engag'd to do, by *Sacred Bands*
 Of Amity, in *private* made,
 When first the great *Design* was laid:
 And since *that time*, there has not been
 So *promising* a Prospect seen;
 Then let us use our *joynt Endeavour*,
 To *heighten* the *old Lady's* Fever,
 That *She*, in Sick, and Weakly State,
 May, with her *CRISIS*, meet her *Fate*;
 And *Saints* behold the *Day* their own,
 For *Cloak* to triumph o'er the *GOWN*.

F I N I S.

I. 11. 1

And wave what more I have to say
I will we meet another Day
To join in holy Conscience
On grand Affairs of Conscience
I mean the coming Sacrifice
For which I put on this Discipline
As thought by all the Brethren
The only Person could make good
To us, what our Society stands
Engaged to do by sacred Bands
Of Amity, in former made
When first the great Design was laid
And since that time, there has not been
So promising a Prospect seen
That let us use our joint Endeavour
To lighten the old Lady's Fever
That see in Sick and Weakly State
May, which her CRISIS, meet her Fate
And thus behold the Day their own
For Clasp to return to the CROWN



F I N I S